

**6/H-1 (vii) (Syllabus-2015)**

**2 0 2 2**

( May/June )

**ENGLISH**

( Honours )

( **Literary Criticism** )

*Marks : 75*

*Time : 3 hours*

*The figures in the margin indicate full marks  
for the questions*

**1. Answer any *three* of the following questions :**

**5×3=15**

- (a) What is the subject matter of poetry according to Wordsworth?
- (b) What is catharsis? How does it work in the context of tragedy?
- (c) According to Arnold, what is the primary duty of criticism?
- (d) Outline Crites' views on the ancients.
- (e) What does Eliot mean by the 'impersonal theory' of poetry?

2. Answer any *three* of the following questions :

15×3=45

- (a) What is the relationship between past and present as elaborated by Eliot in his essay, *Tradition and the Individual Talent*?
- (b) Evaluate the arguments of Eugenius in his defence of the moderns.
- (c) Discuss the importance of plot in tragedy as expounded by Aristotle.
- (d) Discuss Wordsworth's *Preface to the Lyrical Ballads* as a manifesto of Romantic criticism.
- (e) What, in Arnold's views, are the conditions necessary for great literature to come into being? What does he mean by 'the man is not enough without the moment'?

3. Define any *four* of the following terms with examples :

2×4=8

climax ; epigram ; metonymy ;  
personification ; hyperbole ; alliteration ;  
oxymoron ; innuendo.

4. Scan any *one* of the following verses and indicate the metrical scheme with variations, if any :

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(a) They sat them down upon the yellow sand,  
Between the sun and moon upon the shore;  
And sweet it was to dream of Fatherland,  
Of child, and wife, and slave; but evermore  
Most weary seem'd the sea, weary the oar,  
Weary the wandering fields of barren foam.  
Then some one said, "We will return no more";  
And all at once they sang, "Our island home  
Is far beyond the wave; we will no longer  
roam."

(b) I arise from dreams of thee  
In the first sweet sleep of night,  
When the winds are breathing low,  
And the stars are shining bright:  
I arise from dreams of thee,  
And a spirit in my feet  
Hath led me—who knows how?  
To thy chamber window, Sweet !

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